

NEWS and GOSSIP of WASHINGTON

How Speaker Clark Attended a G. O. P. Dinner

WASHINGTON—Through a comedy of errors, Champ Clark, speaker of the house, recently became one of the guests of honor at a dinner given by Representative B. M. Chipperfield of Illinois to his veteran colleagues, "Uncle Joe" Cannon. It was intended to be strictly a Republican affair, and the 25 guests, other than Mr. Clark, were all members of that party.



Mr. Clark, an unexpected, but nevertheless welcome, guest, appeared suddenly at the dinner. He had a good time, and so did the others. How he became a part of the gathering, as told by himself, proved to be one of the most amusing after-dinner speeches he ever told.

It appears that Speaker Clark and Phil—were to be guests at a dinner given by the members of that organization in Washington. Mr. Clark suddenly recalled the dinner, and, having misplaced his engagement book, he hastily drove to Rauscher's, dismissed his car, and walked up to the dining-room floor. The only function he could discover was a ball, at which members of congress were conspicuous by their absence.

Then the speaker hastened to the Willard, supposing that the dinner must be there. But no, it wasn't. Mr. Clark then returned home to renew the search for his engagement book. Here he told his dilemma to Bennett, his son and parliamentary clerk of the house.

"That's easy," said Bennett. "That dinner is where Mr. Mann is. Why not call up Mrs. Mann. She ought to know where her husband is."

Mrs. Mann did know. Mr. Mann was at dinner at the Army and Navy club, and that, of course, was where the Phi Kappa Psi banquet was then, surely.

So down to the club the speaker drove hastily, inquiring as he entered where "the dinner" was being given. The clerk said it was on the fourth floor, and without a doubt the speaker bent his steps thither.

The first sign of mingling penetrated his mind as Mr. Clark caught a glimpse of the diners through the door, which stood partially open. He began to think he had made some egregious blunder and would have pulled back, when at that moment Mr. Chipperfield, catching sight of him, shouted his name and every Republican present joined in bringing in the speaker.

Vice President's Stories Worry Senate Chaplain

VICE PRESIDENT MARSHALL has a habit of telling a funny story at the eleventh hour. In fact, he usually waits until the eleventh hour and about fifty-five minutes. The consequence is that when he enters the senate chamber to convene that body of solemn tellers, he is apt to have a half-suppressed little smile on his face, and Rev. Forest J. Prettyman, the senate chaplain, has even more difficulty in maintaining the serious countenance of a man about to lead in prayer.

Here is the way the thing works out: Along about 11:30 Marshall shifts from his office in the senate office building to his room in the capitol. He lights a cigar and smokes as he receives any callers that drop in. A few minutes before the noon hour the callers thin out, and the chaplain comes in to be in readiness to accompany the vice president into the senate chamber. Now, for some unaccountable reason, the presence of the chaplain makes Marshall think of a funny story. At about five minutes prior to the hour of opening the senate he starts to tell this story with calm deliberation.

The golden moments speed on their way, and by the time Marshall has the basic part of his story outlined it lacks only two minutes or less until twelve o'clock. All hands begin to grow nervous, and the sergeant at arms comes to the door, watch in hand, to make certain that the vice president is going to reach his seat in due season. It would not do at all to have the senate open a minute late.

Marshall gets up from his desk and proceeds across the corridor, still working toward the point of his story, and by a burst of speed gets out the climax just as he pushes open the door into the senate chamber. Chaplain Prettyman has his choice then of not laughing at the story, which would be impolite on his part, or of laughing and then pulling his face back into shape ready to offer prayer while walking the few steps from the door to the rostrum.

"I think," said Prettyman one morning after a particularly amusing little yarn by Marshall, "that after this I'll keep out of your way and just study the weather map out in the next room until time to go in."

Mint and Treasury Relics Put on Exhibition

VARIOUS activities of the United States mint and of the office of the treasurer of the United States are illustrated in an exhibit of twelve cases recently set up in the north corridor of the treasury building. The display represents the most interesting part of the exhibit of the treasury department shown at the Panama-Pacific exposition at San Francisco.



Included in the cases are presidential medals struck off by the mint; coins, platelets and bars of gold, indicating stages of the processes of making gold money; keys of the safe and vaults of the treasury used from 1774 to the day of the advent of safe combination and time locks; mutilated currency redeemed, and a number of warrants for big payments made out of the treasury or on treasury order.

The warrant for the largest amount is for \$140,000,000 on account of the public debt. Others are for \$10,000,000 in payment for the Panama canal, \$10,000,000 for the Canal zone, \$20,000,000 for the Philippines and \$200,000 paying General Lafayette for his military services to the colonies during the Revolutionary war. With the warrants is a transfer order directing the transfer of \$50,000,000 from the Denver mint to the treasury in New York city.

Another interesting feature of the display is the mutilated bills that through expert examination have been identified and redeemed.

"Spoonin'" All Right in Parks of Washington

"SPOONING" while not recognized by that generic term, is permitted in the parks of Washington just as it is in Pittsburgh, where the chief of police confesses he does not know what "spooning" is, and intends fostering it. Col. W. W. Harts, superintendent of buildings and grounds, when informed that Pittsburgh's chief of police had extended a general invitation to all lovers to "spoon" in the Smoky City parks, said:

"We do not know what 'spooning' is here, but the parks of Washington are open to lovers, sweethearts, beaux, and belles, and others under the spell of the tender emotion."

"There is no regulation prohibiting lovemaking in Washington parks. These parks are for the beautification of the city and the recreation and enjoyment of its inhabitants. Benches laden with lovers cannot but contribute to the beautification plan, and what more human and delightful recreation is there to be found than lovemaking?"

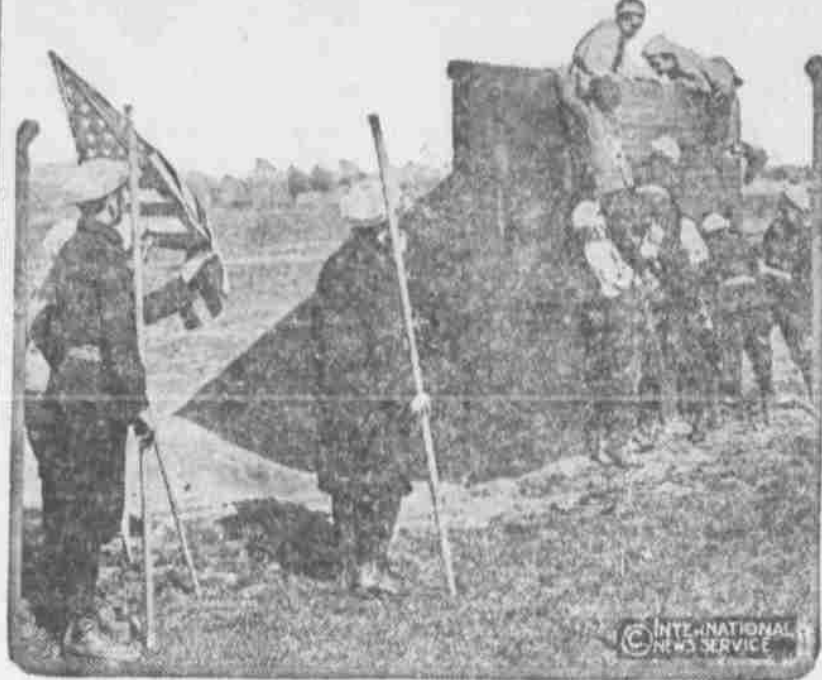
Realizing that "in the spring the young man's fancy lightly turns," Colonel Harts has installed 1,000 additional benches in the parks of Washington. As adjutant to General Cupid, he believes he has done his full duty. There are no restrictions on the use of the national capital's parks by lovers, provided, says Colonel Harts, "their recreation and happiness does not interfere with the enjoyment of the parks by others."

According to an Italian physician love causes an intoxication of the nervous centers, producing a disease that, if not cured, may lead to neurasthenia and even insanity.

For smaller cities and towns a recently devised fire alarm employs an enlarged and more than usually powerful automobile horn, electrically operated, to sound signals.

Charles I had in his retinue a dwarf only 18 inches tall.

JUNIORS OF THE NAVY LEAGUE DRILLING



The members of the Junior section of the Navy League in New York are as enthusiastic over preparedness as are their elders, and daily, when the weather permits, the youngsters may be seen engaged in their outdoor drill, which includes the regulation army drill and wall-scaling contests.

QUICK THINKING SAVES SOLDIER

British Sergeant Tells of Daring Exploit in Letter to Rector.

HURLS HAND BOMB AND RUNS

Wins Promotion and the Distinguished Conduct Medal for Sensational Escape From German Patroling Squad—Saved From Prison by Bomb.

London.—Captured by a German patrolling squad, escaping through the use of a hand bomb which was over-looked when he was searched and narrowly escaping with his life in a rain of shell fire some of the experiences which won promotion for Sgt. Arthur James Brooke and also the distinguished-conduct medal. In a letter to the rector of the church at his home in Manchester, which was printed recently in an English newspaper, Sergeant Brooke gives the details of his daring escape.

"I can hardly tell how thankful I am in being able to write you this day after the troubled experiences of Sunday night last. I have had many exciting times previous to this occasion, but nothing to be compared with this last one. I took out my party of scouts at half-past six in the evening and arranged them in various positions across the marshes. Having done this I remained with one small party."

"Everything seemed all right, so off I went myself to push farther on. But before doing so I intended seeing another small party in another position on my way. I got as far as my men should be, but could not find them anywhere. Something was wrong somewhere. I thought. Suddenly I heard someone coming and, it being a very dark night, I could not see who it was. They passed me toward our position. I looked around to see if anybody else was coming and I saw another man. 'Up went my rifle at ready and I said, 'Who are you?'

"Working party," was the reply in good English.

"Dropped Patrol With Shot."

"Come here, working party," I said. He came until I saw he was a German, and then he dropped at a shot from my best friend, my rifle. I then turned to do those who had passed me something else and did succeed in damaging one or two. However, they came from all directions for me and soon had me a prisoner. They took away my best pal, the rifle, and my ammunition. Next went my cap. Following this the beautiful scarf which you sent was taken from me, also my letters.

"After they had got enough souvenirs half a dozen of them commenced to drag me toward their village. While I was being taken away a terrible struggle was taking place between one other scout and other Germans in a wood. This half dozen took me about two hundred yards toward the village and then left only one tall man, over six feet, with me. Now was a chance for me, I thought. I said a short prayer asking him to help me get back to my comrades safely."

"When I suddenly thought of a bomb which I had carried with me. It was not in a pocket where I had put my other things, but was in a slit in my leather jacket. I suppose that is the reason they overlooked it, for it was still there. I then managed to get it out, but found I could not pull out the safety pin with only my right arm. However, I did the trick by hitting him on his temple with it, dropping him without a word. Off I made as fast as my legs would carry me, and at once out came another lot to get me."

"Still the bomb was left. I stopped, pulled out the pin and threw the bomb among them. It put more of them out of the fight, but still they kept after me. They were only a few yards from retaking me when our machine gun opened fire on them. I was safe from them then, but was in danger of being shot down by our own gun which had

bailed them. I got within a short distance of our position when a German gun commenced to shell all around."

"I was blown from place to place and in the early hours of the morning I found myself in a large shell hole half buried with dirt, where I must have lain a long time. I got home again later, safe and sound, suffering only from a bad head. My watch was lost, as the Germans took that and smashed it before my eyes. Our commanding officers were very pleased with me for getting away and doing what I did. At the same time I was told I had been given the distinguished conduct medal for my work. I had a fine reception from our men and have since been made a sergeant as a result of it."

SUNFLOWERS A PAYING CROP

Raised by Farmers in Southeast Missouri on as Large a Scale as Corn.

Kansas City, Mo.—In southeast Missouri farmers raise sunflowers to feed chickens. Many farmers in New Madrid county, Missouri, are growing sunflowers for seed on as large a scale as they grow corn.

The seed is high in oil and protein and makes an excellent feed. It is used chiefly as a feed for parrots and as a part of the commercial poultry feeds. The seed is purchased each fall by general seed buyers from St. Louis.

The soils in which sunflowers are grown are the once swampy lands and range from sandy loams to clays. The average production is about 8,000 to 15,000 pounds of seed to the acre. The usual selling price is from 2½ to 4 cents a pound. The average return is about \$40 for each acre. Some of the farmers are growing the sunflowers in place of corn.

The crop is planted about the same as corn. In the labor required in handling and cultivation, the two crops are alike. When the crop matures, a wagon is taken into the field and the heads are cut off and thrown into the wagon. The seeds are then threshed out with a threshing machine.

GOOD NEWS TRAVELS FAR

San Francisco recently observed the tenth anniversary of its destruction by earthquake and fire by striving to outclass any other city in the United States in its per capita membership in the American Red Cross. It has 11,000 members now and is aiming at the 25,000 mark in a vigorous campaign. This special effort is inspired by its gratitude for the aid rendered by the Red Cross in San Francisco's disaster ten years ago. The picture shows Miss Mabel Boardman of the American Red Cross in Washington receiving a telephone message from San Francisco telling of the opening of the campaign.

Jealous of "Mourning" Husband.

New York.—Mrs. Elizabeth Sherwood has instituted proceedings in divorce against her husband, Peter V. Sherwood of New York city. She alleges he "went in mourning" for the death of another woman and refused to tell her the woman's name.

Invalid Cremated in His Chair.

Philadelphia.—Unable to make his feeble voice heard, James B. Yerkes, a sixty-nine-year old invalid, was burned to death in his chair in his home in Philadelphia. It is supposed Yerkes dropped a lighted pipe among his clothing.

Chinese, who can now without exaggeration declare that they have seen what every respectable Chinese of mature age likes to say he has seen, a dragon, though in this instance a fossilized one. A small portion has been shipped off and sent to the British museum.

In order to increase speed by overcoming wind resistance, one of the New England dirigibles has all the machinery and space for passengers included in the balloon.

British authorities, backed up by their French allies, have decreed that Tommies need not pay rent for whatever quarters they may have to occupy from time to time in France, though it is probable that some restitution will be made the landlords by one or both governments when the war is over and opportunity to settle the cases presents itself.

The marimba, Guatemala's national musical instrument, is a huge affair on the xylophone principle, played by striking its vari-sized keys with padded drumsticks. Guatemalan Indians, who have quite as much power and endurance as the average truck horse, carry these from town to town on their backs, although they look nearly as ungainly and weigh probably half as much.

To help a physician make a close examination of a patient's throat there has been invented an instrument that holds his tongue down and covers his mouth with a glass shield.

Electrical apparatus taking current from a light socket has been invented by a French scientist to purify the air in a room by literally pumping it into a reservoir and washing it.

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SUFFER THE MOST BEFORE A BATTLE

German Soldier Gives Psychology of War as It Affects the Men.

FEAR IS ROUTED BY SONG

Doubt and Expectancy Proves Unnerving to Many—Fighters Assailed by Thousands of Thoughts, Says Former Schoolteacher.

Berlin.—The following interesting article giving the psychological study of a battle, was written by a German schoolteacher, who since has been killed on the west front. The article which appears in the German papers, has caused considerable comment:

"To describe the sensations, the emotions and the innermost feelings of the soul of a soldier in battle is an unusually interesting but difficult task. While the battle rages a soldier is beset and agitated by thousands of thoughts that flash like lightning through his brain, but it is only during the remarkable calm that comes after a battle that he is enabled to analyze them. As I have participated in thirty-six engagements and battles, both on the eastern and western fronts, I have been in a position to make a study of the soul of the soldier. It is a great subject for the psychologist and one that opens a mine of valuable information."

"Is This Real?"

"The troops receive orders at night to prepare for a charge the next morning. The first thought is, 'Is this real? Somehow, it seems like a dream. It is the same thought that stirs the soul in any great event in life, be it one of joy or one of sorrow. It does not seem real."

"However, when the soldier does realize that it is no nightmare, he begins to think of the likelihood of death claiming him in that battle. A strange, indescribable fear begins to agitate the soul. The awful thought enters his mind that he will go to his death and leave home and loved ones and everything that is dear in a moment of time. He ponders over the subject of immortality and wonders if death comes whether it will mean eternal darkness and annihilation."

"To one who is in the prime of life, who has everything to live for, hell itself cannot offer torture to equal the terrorizing doubts that assail the soul in those dreadful moments before a battle."

"Then, too, the thoughts come that we have not made the most of life; that there is so much that we would still like to do; that if only given the opportunity how different we would shape our life in the future."

"All night long the troops move to the front, and all night long we think of God and the uncertainty that lies directly before us."

Song Routes Fear.

"Morning comes. It is a most beautiful morning; the sun shining warm and bright. The notes of a German song are wafted on the still air. It is a song of the fatherland and all join in the chorus. It is then that we forget all our doubts and fears. A new life seems to be born within us. All fear has vanished and we are ready to go down to the gates of death unafraid."

"And then the battle. The bullets begin to whistle. In those first moments every soldier naturally looks for some sheltered place for protection. Nevertheless, the soul is remarkably calm. Though comrades are falling on all sides we never for a moment think of being hit by a bullet ourselves. We keep on running, running toward the enemy. All feeling, all thought, all emotion, all sensation is obliterated, we go on, fearing nothing. Occasionally we hear a voice uttering a curse or a threat, due to the hate against the enemy, born anew in the thick of battle. That feeling of hate becomes uppermost. We are seized with a frenzy of rage, and our one thought is to meet the enemy face to face and annihilate him. As this hate is mingled with a certain feeling of patriotism and love for the fatherland, the lust of battle is developed in such a manner as to quiet our nerves and forget all about danger and death."

"The battle has been fought and won. The soul experiences an indescribable peace, but when we begin to see our broken ranks and make count of our fallen comrades, painful sensations follow. Then only do we realize what danger we so callously faced, and a wave of thoughtfulness warms our blood and body."

"The feelings and sensations on emerging from a battle are like those of convalescence from a serious illness. The tired soul longs for peace and rest, and the soldier falls into a deep, sound, dreamless sleep, in which all the fear and stress and storm of the time are forgotten."

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He Wanted to Draw Out Only a Hundred Million

NEW YORK.—A short, heavy-set man neatly dressed walked into the Wall street entrance of the subway the other afternoon and said: "I want to draw \$100,000,000 as soon as possible."

Hugh Byron, who has been a special officer in the building for many years and knows almost all of the big men in the financial district by sight, stepped up to the visitor.

"What did you say your name was?" he asked.

"Why, don't you know me?" the man asked in surprise.

"I ought to," admitted Byron, "but—"

"Why, I'm John D. Rockefeller and I want to draw this small amount as a matter of convenience."

Answered Byron, "but we haven't that amount in the vaults at the present time."

"Very well," was the response, "I'll go elsewhere."

About an hour later the man reappeared.

"Say," he said, "I've been down the street to a bank, where they couldn't do anything for me, and then I went to the Equitable building, which I own, and they couldn't help me there. What shall I do?"

The suggestion was made that the visitor transact his business over the telephone, it being added that he might be accommodated if he would leave his office address.

"Why," the stranger said without hesitation, "I'm down at 26 Broadway. You can get me there at any time."

"What room are you in?" was asked.

"Oh, any room," was the answer. "I own the building." And then the man turned to his questioners suspiciously and said: "Are you trying to kid me?"

Assured that no one was fooling him the visitor left the building, after thanking as many of the men in it as he could reach for their courtesy and was last seen going in Wall street in the direction of the river.

Sharp Albany Woman Traps Smuggled Chinamen

ALBANY, N. Y.—Through the quick wit of Mrs. William Chambers, ticket agent on the Greenbush bridge, which spans the Hudson river at this point, Albert B. Wiley, Chinese inspector of the United States immigration bureau, made a sensational arrest of alien Chinese. For weeks Inspector Wiley, aided by revenue officers and the local police, had a net spread about Albany for Chinese smugglers. The arrests sent to jail four Chinese, together with William Carpenter of Lewiston, Ky., and Charles Baker of Hamilton, Canada. The white men are accused of trying to smuggle the yellow men into this country.

Stepping from the Federal building, at Broadway and State street, just before noon, Mr. Wiley saw a covered automobile speeding toward the Greenbush bridge. A yellow face peering from beneath curtains aroused his suspicion, and, commanding an automobile, he darted in pursuit. Dodging trolley cars and other vehicles, the two machines made a wild drive for the bridge leading across the river on the highway toward New York.

At the approach to the bridge Mr. Wiley leaped from his running board and with a drawn revolver commanded the driver of the other automobile to halt. It looked as if the automobile carrying the Chinese was about to make a dash across the bridge. A shrill whistle blown by Mrs. Chambers, the gate tender, however, caused the big draw of the bridge to swing open. That caused the automobile to stop, and when the blankets were torn aside four Chinese were found beneath in quarters supplied with food, in which they had made their journey across the state. Inspector Wiley said the Chinese would be worth \$250 each in New York.

Molasses Glues Girl and Rescuers to Street

NEW YORK.—Miss Margaret O'Leary arose the other day feeling all stuck up. And well she might, for the night before she stood glued to the intersection of Third avenue and Twenty-fifth street by a hoghead of molasses that tumbled off Frank Timmons' truck and burst.

For fully an hour Miss O'Leary stuck there, firm as a porous plaster, while the plot and the molasses both thickened. Stranded in midair, looking "just too sweet for anything," Miss O'Leary got gummer and gummer in her efforts to be loose, while hero after hero, bound to star in "the sweetest story ever told," stamped in boldly, one by one—and stuck.

One young Lochinvar at last strode out of West Twenty-fifth street and, inch by inch, drip by drip, drop by drop, struggled to Margie's side, pried her loose, gathered her in his arms and—stuck.

At this juncture up rushed Patrolman Sheehan, below for hot water. He came just in time to prevent Margaret taking off her shoes and stockings before the enthusiastic crowd that lined the saccharine masses. So a watery trail was blazed to the marooned and Miss O'Leary was carried forth, as sweet as she could be, but very gummy. She went home and her hero departed without giving his name, and thus ended the tragedy of "The Lass and the Lasses."

New Orleans Beauty Wore the Smuggled Aigrets

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Justice gallantly awaits beauty's pleasure in New Orleans. Special Customs Agent W. H. Rowe, hot on the trail of aigrets worth \$2,000, smuggled into New Orleans, found them at noon on the hat of Miss Zetta Hawkins, blonde and beautiful, who lives with her parents at 1529 Canal street.

The captain bowed and said: "Madame, I regret it most intensely, but I've come for those feathers; they were smuggled."

"Oh, my darling little bonnet; won't you just let me try it on once more, officer," the young woman pleadingly cried.

He consented to her slight request. Four girl friends came in and they, too, tried on the marvelous creation.

"Mr. Officer, I was just going to wear it to a party this afternoon. Now, won't you let me do it? Oh, please."

Captain Rowe yielded and he sat in her parlor from one to five o'clock. Bounding into her home, still jubilant in triumph, Miss Hawkins said: "Oh, officer, thank you so much. I set 'em all wild, and now," she added, turning aside to hide her tears, "you may take it."

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